

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MOTHERHOOD—BESSIE POTTER VONNOR.

Courtesy of "The Human Factor,"
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New York City.

God's Gift.

God thought to give the sweetest thing
In his almighty power, and deeply
pondering
What it should be—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of heaven apart
And gave to earth—a mother.

G. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

Sue's Birthday Verse.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

"O MOTHER," cried Flo, as she and Mary rushed into Mother's room after Sunday school, "I wish you could have gone to church this morning! We had such an interesting man to give the children's sermon! He told us all about a Bible chapter."

"It was the last chapter of Proverbs," cried Mary, eagerly. "He said it was a birthday chapter for any girl born after the seventh of the month. He said that each verse was a motto for you to live by, and we're so excited to see what ours are."

"Here's the Bible, Mother," said Flo. "You look it up for us, won't you? It takes me so long."

Mother smiled. "Well, yes, this time, as you both are in such a hurry. Flo's is the twentieth, isn't it? 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.' That's a beautiful motto, little daughter."

"Mine is the thirteenth, Mother," urged Mary.

"She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands," read Mother. "What a fine text for my industrious Mary!"

"And here are Tom and Sue!" cried Flo. "Look up theirs, too, do, Mother."

"Tom is a boy," corrected Mary. "He can't have any. Sue's is the twenty-sixth. Listen, Sue."

Sixteen-year-old Sue smiled loftily. "Oh, that Proverbs chapter," she drawled, "in the children's sermon? I'm rather old for baby mottoes, don't you think, Mother? I wanted to talk to you about having my hat trimmed over. That common little frump of a Celia Rogers has one almost like it, and it makes me just sick to look at her in church. But Marguerite Evans," her voice grew enthusiastic, "had the darlinest little duck of a hat! I'd die with joy if I could have such a love as that!"

"We'll talk about the hat tomorrow, daughter," said Mother, quietly. "But nobody is too old for Bible mottoes, dear; and I couldn't ask anything better for you than to live up to this one: 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

Mary and Flo and Tom looked at each

other, and then burst out into three little peals of laughter.

"Is that Sue's?" gasped Mary, recovering first.

Mother nodded.

"The twenty-sixth?" questioned Flo.

"Yes," answered Mother, with a tiny little smile of her own.

"Well, old Solomon's wisdom certainly failed him for once," cried Tom, slapping his knee, and again a peal of laughter went up from the little group.

"Too much noise here," said Father's voice, as he appeared around the corner of the door. "Don't forget that Mother has a headache this morning. You'd better all run along."

Out in the hall Tom pinched Sue's arm. "That's a good one on you, Susan," he chuckled. "Why don't you laugh?"

Sue was very red. "I don't see anything to laugh at," she answered loftily. "I don't see anything funny about that text."

"You don't see anything funny!" cried Tom, in real amazement. "Listen to that, kiddies! 'Opens her mouth with wisdom,'" he quoted, then mimicked in a high little voice, "'the darlingest little duck of a hat! I'd die of joy to have it!'"

"Tom Benton," flashed Sue, "you are the most horrid, disagreeable boy that ever breathed!"

"And that's the 'law of kindness,' I suppose," retorted Tom, "along with 'that common little frump of a Celia Rogers.' Humph!"

"Your Mother wants to see you a minute, Tom," called Father's voice.

"Good enough for you," whispered Sue, vindictively, and then turned sharply at the smothered giggle that came from the room that Flo and Mary shared.

"Why should they laugh," she said to herself, "at the idea of my talking with wisdom and kindness? Maybe what I said just now wasn't exactly nice, but then I don't always talk that way.—Usually—" and then she decided to stop thinking about disagreeable things, and picked up her favorite book to read till the dinner-bell rang.

Dinner started out very pleasantly, for Mother felt well enough to come down, and pretty, young Aunt Madge was the guest of honor.

Sue slipped happily into the place beside her.

"O Aunt Madge!" she cried, after every one had been served. "I saw you out riding in the Page's new car yesterday. Just a cheap one, isn't it? If I had as much money as they have, I wouldn't be so stingy."

"I'm afraid you're rather critical, Sue," laughed Aunt Madge. "Now I enjoyed it ever so much. It was very comfortable, I thought, and Rob Page runs it exceedingly well."

"Does he, really?" asked Sue. "He drives a horse just like an old farmer. I always expect to hear him say 'Gee' and 'Haw.'"

To Sue's surprise, Aunt Madge did not look amused. "Why, Sue," she said gently, "what a sharp tongue you have, little girl. I'm almost afraid of you," and she turned to ask a question of Father.

Sue looked across the table, and caught Tom's eyes, just as he dropped them to hide their twinkle. Tom was on his good behavior after his talk with Mother, but, if his face had been lettered all over, Sue could not have read on it more plainly, "In her tongue is the law of kindness."

Farther down the table, Mary and Flo were exchanging meaning glances. Sue's eyes dimmed with a sudden mist, but Aunt Madge turned around with her winning smile, and repeated a compliment she had heard about Sue, and the tide of talk flowed on again pleasantly.

"How did you like the new tenor this morning?" queried Mother, a little later.

"He was perfectly heavenly!" answered Sue, suddenly enthusiastic. "All of us girls raved about him all through Sunday school. His voice is angelic, and he has the whitest hands and the loveliest hair! And such a smile! I'd give anything to have him smile at me the way he did at the soprano."

"Sue Benton!" said Father, sternly, "Don't be so silly! I didn't imagine a daughter of mine could talk in such a silly way."

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom." It seemed as if a hundred voices were screaming it as she rose, crimson with mortification, and ran up to her room to hide her shamed face in the pillow.

It was there that Mother found her a little while later, when she knocked gently at the door, and then entered, and laid a soft, cool hand upon the prostrate head.

"There, there, daughter," she said tenderly. "They were two or three sharp little lessons, Mother knows, but by-and-by you'll be wise enough to be glad that you saw yourself in time to turn over a new leaf, and not grow up into a silly and unkind woman. You remember Burns' little verses, don't you:

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us?"

And do you remember why he wished it, dear?"

Sue raised a scarlet, tear-stained face from the pillow.

"It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion,"

she quoted softly. "O Mother, that's true, isn't it? It certainly would. And I've made up my mind to one thing. Some day people aren't going to think it's a bit funny when they hear that my birthday verse is, 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' They're going to say, 'Isn't it wonderful how she lives up to her motto!'"

Mother-love.

O'ERWEENING mother-love, that still can see

In furrowed brow and bearded lip the trace

Of that she holds most dear in memory,
Love's dimpled prototype—a baby's face.

F. MARION HAM,
in "The Golden Shuttle."
(Sherman, French & Co.)

ON a recent eastward voyage across the Atlantic a great French liner stopped its engines for a few minutes off the coast of Newfoundland; then solemnly and ceremoniously the captain dropped into the sea a little cross weighted with lead. A French peasant woman whose only son went down with the "Titanic" had given the cross to the captain for that purpose. The incident recalls the lines of Kipling:

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
I know whose love would come down to me—
Mother o' mine, oh, mother o' mine!

Youth's Companion.

Comrades.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

WE were such comrades, she and I,
Traveling life's road together,
Hand in hand
O'er the broad, broad land
In sunshine and stormy weather.

We were such children, she and I,
We played in the meadows of pleasure,
We plucked the flowers
Thro' sunny hours,
And joy was our greatest treasure.

We were such friends, my mother and I.
When the road grew weary and long,
When we lost our way
And there seemed no day,
We cheered the night with a song.

But now I am stumbling and traveling alone.
I must not waver nor shirk.
I cannot play
In the fields to-day,
I must on to the city of work.

I pray that her hand may guide me aright,
That I go where her feet would have trod,
That the end of the road
And the end of the load
Will be with my mother and God.

"Mother."

IN a story with the above title by Lawrence Perry, in *The Century* for February, the following conversation takes place between a father and his young son. It is the boy's fifth birthday. They are visiting a museum, and "Bunk" is much interested in a statue of General Sherman on horseback. Bunk had begun to play soldiers. He knew a great deal about Sherman before he permitted his father to take him elsewhere.

They stood before another figure, a great, loose-jointed, benign, powerful man.

"That man wasn't a soldier," said Bunk, frowning.

"He was once," returned the father. "He fought Indians. And then he was President, just like a king, you know. He was Abraham Lincoln, bigger than Sherman, bigger than every one."

For a long time Bunk gazed, and then suddenly he turned to his father.

"Daddy, will you ever be a soldier or a President?"

"No, no, my son; certainly not."

"Why won't you be like those men? 'Cause you can't? Say, why can't you?"

Something caught in Saunders' throat, and a flash of the old fear which had been with him since Bunk first walked shot across his mind; but he attempted no lie.

"Bunk," he said, "we can't all be Presidents or big soldiers. Some men must be big, and others—well—not so big."

"And who says the men that shall be big and the men that shall be little?"

The father was silent a moment.

"Bunk, that's what we all want to know. Some time when you are older and have grown to be one of the big, biggest of men, maybe you will find out."

"Well," replied Bunk, doubtfully, "I'm going to be the biggest soldier—no, the biggest fireman—in the world."

"Oh," laughed Saunders, "when you are, you must tell me why some men have to

ride on old hook and ladders, while others can ride on bright fire-engines."

But Bunk did not fall into the lighter mood of his father. His chubby little face seemed tense as with the weight of a problem, and so it was as they rode homeward.

As the car neared their house, Bunk turned to his father with big, serious eyes.

"Daddy, did Lincoln have a mother?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, what did his mother do?"

The father started and gazed at the little fellow, and he smiled.

"Bunk, she did the biggest thing in the world—she was Lincoln's mother."

"Was she bigger than my mother?"

"No, Bunk, all mothers are the same—all good mothers. Nothing in the world is bigger or better than mother, your mother, my mother, or Lincoln's mother—all the same." Tears gathered in Saunders' eyes as he continued: "Never forget what I tell you, Bunky. You will see all sorts of women in your life, and there are many sorts, but know when you kiss your mother that you have kissed the greatest woman in the world."

At supper Saunders was strangely quiet, and Bunk, too, failed of his meal-time chatter. After he had said his prayers and clambered into bed, and Saunders had begun on the evening story, the boy shivered and buried his head in his mother's breast.

"No, no,"—and there was a little catch in his voice,—*"I want mother to tell me to-night. You to-morrow night, Daddy."*

The wife turned to her husband with great fear in her eyes, but Saunders smiled.

"Yes, you, Nancy," he said: *"the decrees of the young are truth."*

Mammy Joe.

BY F. H. SWEET.

CROUCHING near the door of a little wayside station in Virginia was a big, motherly-looking black woman. She had been there since early morning, arriving even before the station-master himself. All through the long day she had remained in the same position, watching the trains as they arrived, and scanning each face eagerly.

The afternoon loitered on to evening, when the sun dropped behind the trees, and the shadows became one, and then another train was due from the North. The regular loungers slipped back to their places, a few passengers drifted into the small waiting-room for their tickets. One of them came out, stopped near the old woman and drew out his watch.

"Six minutes late," he muttered discontentedly. "What's the matter with this road, anyway?"

As he put his watch back into his pocket, the old negress looked up at him wistfully.

"You don't 'spect nothin' de matter, does you, boss?"



Photograph by Goodlander Sisters.

"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."

"Oh, no; the train is only a few minutes late. I was merely grumbling. Expecting some one?" as he noticed the pathetic eagerness in her face.

"Yes, suh. My little boy what's been in the hospital two years is comin' home, all cured and fixed up. The doctor sent word he'd put him on a train to-day an' send him straight through. I was feared I might miss de right train, so I've been a-watchin' all day."

"Where did he go?"

"Balt'more. You see, Henry Clay he got hurted when he was a teeny feller, an' he kept a-growin' more an' more crooked, so we feared we mightn't raise him. We try all de doctors round here, an' at last one told us about de John Hopkins place where they fix such things. He wrote for us, an' done make all de 'rangements. But it sure cost heaps of money. Me an' my old man we sell our little home an' go out to work. But we ain't care for that, so long as Henry Clay don got well. Bress de Lord!"

"I am glad they cured him," congratulated the man, heartily. "But I reckon he's grown so big and strong and handsome you won't know him when you see him."

"Bress de boy! Bress de boy!" ejaculated the black woman, between her smiles and tears. "White folks must have their joke. But I reckon the boy is sure 'nough big an' handsome by this time. Me an' my old man were just plumb 'stracted when we heered he was well an' a-comin' home. We sure did hustle round an' get money for his ticket, an' sent it to him; an' now the doctor's done writ he's comin'. Bress de Lord for all his marcies!"

A shrill whistle was heard in the distance. The few passengers gathered up their baggage and stood waiting. Tears of expectation began to stream down the old woman's face. It was a small station, and the train

stopped but a few seconds. Only one passenger alighted. He was a small black boy of ten or twelve years.

The old woman sprang toward him with an inarticulate cry. But she stopped suddenly. That was not Henry Clay. True, he did not have crutches, and did not even limp; but he was small and thin, and so weak that he staggered as he walked. And they had written that Henry Clay was strong and well.

The boy approached her timidly.

"Is you Mammy Joe?" he asked.

"I 'spect so," fiercely. "But where's Henry Clay?"

The small figure shrank back.

"I—I done left him to the hospital. He was in the bed next me, an' he heard de doctor say I never get well 'cept I go to a country that's warm, an' live out doors, an' have good nussin'. But I have no folks to send me. I always live on de street."

"What all that got to do with Henry Clay?"

The boy began to tremble.

"He—he done give me his ticket, an' make me come. He say his mammy will be my mammy an' make me well."

"An' ain't Henry Clay a-comin'?" Her voice sounded like the cry of some wounded animal.

"He—he done got a job washin' dishes in the hospital, an' is a-savin' money. He say tell you he sure be home next summer, when he have money 'nough. De doctors all like him an' say he be fine feller. But is you goin' be my mammy?"

The old woman caught her breath sharply. Then she held out her fat, motherly arms.

"Yes, honey; I'll be your mammy."

Our deeds still travel with us from afar, And what we have been makes us what we are.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE BEACON.

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From the Editor to You.

Just Mother! That is the way children think of her sometimes. She is "just mother." They take her for granted, like sunshine and fresh air. They even forget to be thankful for her, because they cannot think of the home without her.

Now comes the reminder! We have this Sunday set apart as Mother's Day. You will wear a carnation, sing songs, write letters, look at pictures, and read this number of *The Beacon*, thinking all the while of your own mother. How good she is, how dear to you! The Editor hopes you will feel about this May Sunday as did a little six-year-old girl last year, who came home from Sunday school and said to a member of her family, "Do you know what day this is? It is *my mother's day*."

You will feel, deep in your heart, how very wonderful it is to have the mother-love in your life. Perhaps you will not say very much about it. You will try to do something which will make the day a little happier for her. Wouldn't she like her son, whatever his age, to be Prince Charming to her on that day? The Prince will think of the things to do and not to do for the one he loves; the best of all. He will treat her with that fine courtesy which springs from the heart. He will be kind to every other woman, and so honor his mother and all motherhood. The girl will grant to mother—just mother—the admiration she is apt to give instead to her teacher. She will remember that, if mother has told her the same thing twenty times over, it was because nineteen times were not enough. She will see that the true mother cares not alone for her own boys and girls, but for all childhood, and does, both in her home and out of it, the things that make the world a better place for children to live in. In her religious life she may not yet have found out whether she wants to be like Christ; she will know that she wants to be like mother.

There was an old proverb which said, "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers." It would be truer to say that God is everywhere because there are mothers. The love in their hearts is part of God's love for you; for God is love.

Those love truth best, who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

LOWELL.

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

SHOKAN, ULSTER CO., N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have long been wishing to write you, having become a member of your Club last year. I always read the letters from our members, and would like to follow their example in describing what my Sunday school does; but I am living in the country, and have not gone there for several years. I correspond with my teacher, Miss Robinson, in New York, and she tells me that my class has started a Lend-a-Hand Club. I am enclosing an enigma that I hope you will like.

Yours very truly,

MARIAN GILLING.
(Age 15.)

WILSON, ORE.

Dear Editor,—I live twenty-five miles from any town, and our nearest neighbor lives nine miles from us.

There is no church here to go to, so my mother teaches my two sisters and me Sunday-school lessons at home.

We go to school, and the only scholars are my two sisters and I.

Yours truly,

JENNIE REEHER.
(Age 12.)

DUNDEE, SCOTLAND,
10 Victoria Chambers.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Dundee Unitarian church and Sunday school. Rev. Henry Williamson is our minister. Every Sunday we read *The Beacon* after our Bible lesson is finished. There are four girls in my class, and in the Dundee Unitarian Sunday school there are twelve teachers. I am eleven years of age.

Sincerely yours,

CATHERINE CRAMOND.

17 Hinckley Street,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. There are nine girls in my class, and one of them has joined the Beacon Club. I would like to be a member of the Club.

Yours sincerely,

ADA HANKS.
Channing Church.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

My dear Miss Buck,—I go to St. John's Sunday school. There are nine children in our class. Five girls and four boys. I go every Sunday. We have blank books, and put pictures in them. I like our teacher. His name is Mr. Ehmann.

CARL THEURKAUF.

Sunday-school News.

THE Sunday school of the First Unitarian Church of Madison, Wis., gave a temperance program on March 24. Members of the school gave recitations and musical selections. The superintendent, Mr. Benjamin Bull, reports that the event was a success in every way. The teachers co-operated fully, and the children entered very heartily into the spirit of the occasion. It is good to observe from the program sent that the usual period was given to the lesson, the special exercises occurring before and after the class sessions.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. His pain was intense
2. Is it a lyre or a harp?
3. In anger many commit crimes.
4. This circle is three inches in diameter.
5. Come, James, I am going now.
6. It shows how ale stirs the blood.
7. There was neither hope nor way of escape.
8. Do you know where Gatun is situated?
9. The water in the pipe runs fast.
10. Yes, Oscar, a bias piece of cloth will do.
11. With you I surely agree, Celia.
12. Oh, yes! We denied it all.
13. Do not trip, O light-footed dancer!
14. His speech contained much in a few words.
15. In the house nearest the church I live.

E. A. C.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA LXIII.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 18, 15, is used in playing base-ball.

My 8, 25, 11, is a wild animal.

My 20, 18, 19, is a boy's nickname.

My 9, 12, 4, 4, 5, 10, is not big.

My 27, 16, 14, is a domestic animal.

My 3, 2, 26, is used on roofs.

My 21, 22, 13, 6, is grown on pine trees.

My 24, 18, 23, is what most milk is put up in.

My 7, 17, is a preposition.

My 10, 5, 5, is part of a house.

My *whole* is an important event in American history.

C. E. H.

ENIGMA LXIV.

I am composed of 21 letters

My 2, 5, 6, 15, 19, a place to live in.

My 1, 12, 7, 8, another dwelling-place.

My 4, 3, 7, 20, a coin.

My 10, 16, 6, a pronoun.

My 9, 13, 15, 1, what we need when tired.

My 11, 5, 9, 14, is good for every one.

My 17, 18, 20, 21, is not good in summer.

My *whole* does a noble work.

G. F. S.

LETTER PUZZLE

I am composed of six letters. Transpose me, and I become precious; curtail me and drop a vowel, and I am not afraid; behead me, and I am a verb; transpose me, and I am part of the head.

Youth's Companion.

TWISTED NAMES OF MUSICIANS.

1. Semselnhond.
2. Teonebveh.
3. Dlahen.
4. Harsmb.
5. Gwcran.
6. Zortmat.
7. Skkoy-staichsw.
8. Cahb.
9. Kidserwaep.
10. Ponchi.
11. Tizls.
12. Insrinbute.
13. Ceruhst.
14. Mdolaclew.
15. Rigeq.
16. Hancunsm.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 30.

ENIGMA LX.—He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.—1 John ii. 10.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Fiddle.

THE MELODY OF MANY LANDS.—1. Lapland. 2. Finland. 3. Scotland. 4. Poland. 5. Jutland. 6. Pentland. 7. Maryland. 8. Maitland. 9. Greenland. 10. Northumberland. 11. Westmoreland. 12. Cumberland. 13. Rutland. 14. Portland. 15. Netherland. 16. Newfoundland. 17. Ireland. 18. Gothland. 19. Iceland. 20. Holland. 21. Shetland. 22. Maasland. 23. Aland. 24. Queensland.

Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group X. Must be received before June 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My Best Summer Vacation."
2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.